

it better than going among his people. And if his heart is really in the work he will find pleasure in making his calls. He will not be satisfied with his mere preaching from the pulpit but will practice what he preaches. He will be interested in his many observations among all kinds of people. He will have the satisfaction of duty done. The more so if it is his only purpose to be in his calls all that a pastor of souls should be. Above all, outside of himself he will have the joy of leading souls to God which there is none greater. These considerations ought to make it clear.

In conclusion let me say that there is no possible excuse for neglecting pastoral visiting. It should be systematic to be complete. Some may only require one or two pastoral visits in a year while others will demand more. This should be understood. The calls must be pastoral. Not to indulge in the gossip of the day, but religious in its nature. Let the conversation be along the line of the welfare of the church. So prosecuted the work will not be a task to be postponed or to be abridged by the newspaper or the lounge or by idling in public places.

A heart for true pastoral work is the one thing needful. Then the work will shape and fulfill itself under all circumstances. And if a man has planned his hours and studies, leaving out that which pastor signifies he has most certainly made a mistake.

The Home

Let Us Be Patient

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT

Let us be patient, you and I;
Let us, like watchful guardsmen, make
Our hearts a haven for the sake
Of those that drift, they know not why.

Let us be patient. Let us keep
Our watch-fires faithful as God's stars,
Whatever storm or shadow mars
The breadth of life's uncertain deep.

Let us be patient. Let men trace
No frown, no insincerity,
In skies of ours, that all may see
God's presence in his child's calm face.

Sunday-School Times.

A TRUE STORY

GEORGE C. CARPENTER

Frank, when only twelve years old, had to launch out on the ocean of life for himself. He was a small boy in stature, but under his vest was a large, warm heart, and that with two willing hands made a large boy. Farmer Goodman, as we shall call him, for whom Frank was to work, lived a hundred miles distant. And when he boarded the train at home on a bright spring morning, and said "Good bye" to all his earthly friends, how full was his mind with bright hopes for the future.

The next time we meet Frank he is plowing corn, and we notice, too, how carefully and well he does his work. It is, as we know, but the result of his splendid home training. Summer is gone and autumn

quickly passes by. Now the farm work is finished, and Frank is preparing to spend about two months at home. He has received good wages, has been saving his money, and has bought a pony, saddle and bridle, what nearly all boys want when about that age. In the morning he will start on his return journey.

Time went slowly, but at last morning came, and Frank, with more than a hundred dollars in his pocket, and with an air of just pride, as he sat astride the little black pony, bade farewell to the farmer, his good wife, and children, who all loved Frank, and to the scene of his never-to-be-forgotten first year's work.

"Be sure and come back on the first day of February," called Farmer Goodman to Frank as he rode away.

"O come before then, be here Christmas," shouted little Willie.

"Come soon as you can," said Mrs. Goodman, and Frank was gone.

Merit and meekness in young or old is always recognized and rewarded.

Night is coming on, and Frank is but half way home. The wind is cold and clouds are gathering in the sky. Frank thinks to himself, "I must find lodging for pony and me, as we are both tired and hungry."

Reaching the summit of a hill just now, he rejoices to see not far ahead a large, costly house and spacious barns.

"Sir, who lives in yonder large house?" said Frank as he accosted a laborer who was returning home after his day's work.

"Farmer Selfman lives down there," answered the laborer.

"We are so tired as well as hungry and want food and shelter—"

"Well, just stop there," he said interrupting Frank, "I think he will keep you, for they have plenty of food and broad sheltering roofs."

"Thank you," said Frank and rode on. Soon before the gate, he sees Farmer Selfman at the well. He notices wrinkles and perhaps a frown upon his face, while, as the farmer looks up, there is not the least sign of welcome visible to Frank.

"Good evening," said Frank, and in a very polite way makes known his need.

"We are tired tonight," said Farmer Selfman, "and have no time to bother with strangers. Farmer Goldman at the next house may keep you," and having thus spoken he turned away.

After a ten minutes' ride, Frank finds Farmer Goldman standing out in the barnyard viewing his stock. He has his hands in his pockets and Frank hears the jingle of money, and sees upon his face, as the man looks around, a stern, decidedly set expression. There is no sign of welcome for him, not even a pleasant look or word. Again Frank politely makes known his condition and need and as before offers to pay well for the accommodation.

"Oh yes," said Farmer Goldman, "but my barns are nearly filled with stock, wife is

not feeling well, and there's nothing in it anyhow. I think that Farmer Churchman at the next house will certainly keep you. Good-night."

Poor, tired Frank thinks to himself as he rides along, "When I grow older and have a farm and home of my own, I'll show people how to live, I'll not be forgetful to entertain strangers, I'll—but here is where Farmer Churchman lives, and everything looks so comfortable and homelike around here."

"Good evening, Sir," said Frank, just as Farmer Churchman was going into the kitchen. The man turned and looked at Frank with a pleasant look, which turned "sour" as soon as he learned the needed favor.

"No," he said, "we have quite a large family, so we never keep strangers. I scarcely know where you could stay. Our next neighbor, Farmer Loveman, has a wife and six children and only a log cabin to live in. Perhaps you can get lodging down farther with Farmer Wiseman or with Farmer Proudman."

Frank mounted the faithful pony and rode on. It was almost six o'clock. The sun had set, and the full moon shone forth now and then thru the broken clouds.

"No use stopping here," thought Frank as he neared the little cabin. But just then he thought of his own little log-cabin home and of the loving ones there, and to himself he said, "I'll try."

Farmer Loveman was carrying in some wood. Frank rode up and was met by a friendly greeting, "Hello, my boy, out rather late are you not?"

Frank began to tell his story, but ere he finished, Farmer Loveman said as he led the way to the stable, "I'll tie Prince, the colt, in the back part of the stable, and you put your pony in this large stall and here is plenty of straw that he shall have a soft bed."

How happy Frank was we cannot tell you, but you can imagine. Supper came next and then a pleasant evening around the open fireplace. It seemed to Frank almost like home. Ere they retired Farmer Loveman read from Holy Scripture the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and then as they knelt around the fireplace he prayed to the Father in heaven for them all.

After the night's rest and a breakfast of buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, Frank prepares to continue his homeward journey.

"How much do I owe you, Sir?" said Frank to Farmer Loveman, and when he received the answer, "Not anything," there came from Frank's loving heart in gentle words, "I thank you very much."

"You are entirely welcome. If you go back this way, be sure and stay over night with us," said Farmer Loveman.

Love seeketh not its own and always has room for one more.

The next time we meet Frank he has reached home safely, is telling his little sister about Willie and Bessie, Farmer Goodman's children, while he helps his mother to wash the supper dishes.